

F. Hopkinson Smith's intest work is a fale of the building of a lighthouse, and is called "Calch West, Master Diver". It has been heralded as even greater in realism, strength and pathos than "Tem Grozan," which was certainly a great lessk, but the reader who begins it will know such expectation is likely to be disappointed. In the first place, the title is not exactly appropriate. The book might just as well have been called "Henry Sanford, Civil Engineer." for the movements of Sanford are chronicled with even more particular cure than with even more particular care than not these, others much like them. those of Caleb West, who is rather a shudowy character for a hero. Mr.

with even more particular or than those of Cable West, who is rather these of Cable West, who is rather these of Cable West, who is rather the Smith has even or more of his early experiences for material for this look, and to a certain create it has the control of the control of the control of his early experiences for material for this look, and to a certain create it has the control of the control of his early experiences for material for this look, and to a certain create it has the control of the control of his early experiences of Herry Sanford, bittons and successes of Herry Sanford, the young significant whose life it really disportant contract is the halding of the control of the

portrayed; if they had received even the are which is bestowed upon Sam, Sanford's valet, or Major Stocomb, the Po-comokian no fault could have been found, for these last two people, especially, are as good as anything in that immortal character study, "Colonel Carter of Cur-tersville." As it is, the whole story is

and Mrs. Leroy, his friend, and their al-most lover-like relations, are scarcely more sutisfactory. Mrs. Leroy is rather an erigima—a creation of lace, satis, but house roses, moods and high principles which crop out in queer places. Sanford is an equally curious combination. The author takes considerable pains to inform us that the roung man could, on occasion, devour with relish a meal such as this:

devour with relian a meal such as this:

Fried aggs, sinding in squares of pock; hashed potations become in what was left of the sizale; salecatin biscoult, full of dark apors; and inflee in the caps, " " long years of association had familiarized Sandeed with certain rules of citypette to be abserved at a meal like this. He knew that to loave anything on his plate soluble have been regarded as an evidence of extreme had namenes, suggesting moreover a reflection upon the skill of the cook. It was also a pair of the code to wipe ancies knille carefully upon the last piece of breast, which was to be availabled improducing, thus oblinating all traces of the repast, except, of course, the bones, which must be paired clean and plade on the solic of the plate. He wiped his knile and cleared his past as excelled as a variety as any of his men. He drank from his tin cup, and ate his agree and fried park, to, with the same nest that he would have fell before one of Sam's choicest breakhast.

Mr. Smith, however, takes particular

Mr. Smith however, takes particular pains to inform us what Sanford had to eat when he reached his buchelor apart mests. He had cucumbers amothers in lee, soft-shell crabs and a roll of cream choese, with a dash of Kirsch and sugar. It is not out of place in a character study of an epicure like Col. Carrier to describe the cuisine and the mens of that gentleman, and his mem. mean of that gentleman, and his mem-orable discourse on canvashack duck, could ill be spared from literature, but it ought not to be necessary to remind Mr. Smith that a novel is not intended for a Young Houselesper's Prient, and that it is not necessary to inform the reader on every occasion just what the guests at a dinner had to eat, and just what kind of a wase was used for the conterkind of a wase was used for the center-piece of flawers. In fact, whenever the author gens toto Sanford's bachelor apartments be seems to be seized with a sert of frenzy for expatiating on their a sort of frenzy for expaniating on their furniture. He tells us how they looked when the owner was entertaining his friends in them, and how they looked when for the nonce Mrs. Larvey took charge of the decorations, and covered everything with flowers and Summer silk and how they looked when his home-coming was prepared for by that faithful friend and servant, Sam. It is all very interesting for people who like the Ladies' Home Journal, and want to know how to furnish a really charming set of bachelor apartments, but in novel it does not fit-especially a t

Against the walls of the salen stood low book against the walls of the salen stood low book hundred and one knicklaneks that encumber lacklede's agartments. Above those again buse collection of etchines and sketches in and one of transes, many of them signed by follow members of the Buzzarda, a small Bellemian with a ten who often held their meetings here. Under a

There are places in the book which are really fine, but the places which are not line come in so often that they make an

Although Mr. Harris will probably never as a mossage from the story is ragged. There are points here and there not clear to the reader. The character of Betty is not developed with the skill which should have been used with so attractive and womanly a creature as she appears in the first chapters. There are to convince are to convince. If the two principal characters in this hould have been used with the self-and the passages, but there should be more of them. In a word, the story lacks power to convince. If the two principal characters in this hould have been used to be a somewhat bestrous way, under the clear to the convention of the more of them. In a word, the story lacks power to convince. If the two principal characters in this hould be and pathos, but the subjects range widely from the negro character to that of the contain joe and Aunty Bell, his wife, are Tongshore drama had been drawn with half the clearness and power with which Captain Jee and Aunty Bell, his wife, are the patrician white man, from the heat the patrician white man, from the heat with the plantation owners of Middle of war to the palmy days of Middle Georgia. He can, however, do full just ce

> world except that of the Southern States of America could the colonel and his negro Shadrach have lived, and yet, so kindly and so skillful is the touch of the artist who portrays them that even to the reader who has never known the South they cannot fail to seem real. The story is simple enough—only the story of an old slave, who has given all his strength and most of the years of his life to the faithful service of a mistress who understood and valued him. At her death he feels that he is no longer valued except as "property," and by reason of his condition of servitude the natural crotchetiness and oddity of an old man who has outlived his best friends is deartist who portrays them that even to who has outlived his best friends is dewho has dulived his best fitted by the takes other places, illustrated with two portion to the woods, and on returning to his traits of the author and several of royal cabin for a surreptitions visit is told that or otherwise distinguished people. There the colonel, his old mistress' son, him-self an elderly man, has determined more for the sake of discipline on the planta-tion than anything else, to run him down

"What good dat gwine ter do?" Uncle Shade quired.
"Now, et ter dat," replied the cook, "I can't il you, it may do harm, and it may not, but not good it gains ter do, I'm sever is ter tell

after his small and intelligent dog, track-the old man down, is one of the quaintly pathetic figures in the late-blossoming

ple as the language is, it is all the finer for that:

ple as the language is, it is all the finer for that:

Uncle Shade, moving along on a bluff overlooking Little River, nearly a mile away, heard the chase and passed to listen. He thought he knew the voices of man and deg, but he was not sure, so be lifted a hand to his car and frowned as he listened. There could be no doubt about it. He was caught. He looked all around the horizon and up at the glittering sky. There was no way of escape. So he took his bumille from the end of his care, dropped it at the foot of a huge inclusive tree, and sat down.

Prescrity Jeff came in sight, running like a quarter-horse. Uncle Shade thought if he could manage to kill the dog, there would still be a chance for him. His master was not in sight, and it would be an easy matter to slip down the bluff, and so escape. But no, the dog was not be be trapped. His training and instinct kept bin out of the old negres reach. Jeff made a wide circle round Uncle Shade and finally stopped and bayed him, standing for out of harms way.

The old negres took off his hat, tolded it once may placed it between his head and the tree as a sort of cushion. And then the colonel came galloping up, his horse in a lather of swear. He drow rein and controlled Uncle Shade. For a moment he knew not what to say, it seemed as though his angur choked him; and yet it was not so. He was uniphiesed. Here before him was the object of his parsait, the irritating cause of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the anger out of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the anger out of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the anger out of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the anger out of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the anger out of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which dowe the same was the object of his parsait, the irritating cause of his he

Georgia in the fifties, and the aching desolation of peace after war.

"The Colonel's 'Nigger Dog'' belongs to the second period, and is a study of the peculiar relations which existed between master and slave under the most favorable conditions of a peculiar institution. In no other civilization in the world except that of the Southern States belongs to be best fox-hunting stories ever written in the South, and beings the beauty hospillable life of old. stories ever written in the South, and brings the hearty, hospituble life of old plantation days vividly before one's eyes. "A Run of Luck" and some other stories will be remembered by readers of the current magazines. Altogether, "Unche Bemus" latest book is one calculated to make story-lovers hange.

"Here, There and Everywhere" is a book of reminiscences, by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. It is a miscellane collection of memories from Venice Rome. Paris, Ober-Ammergan and som with a little bengle which he has been the opinions of the author, huddled to-training. The conversation which fol-lows is a characteristic bit: of all literary merit. Either the printer or the author is responsible for some very bad mistakes in proper names and grammur. A would-be critic of Ameri can literature, who talks of "Howell" "What de dog gwine ter doy" inquired Uncle | novels," and of "a rainbow glinting

"What de dog gwine ter do?" inquired Uncle
Shade.

The cook looked at the other woman and laugh
ed, and then rose from her sent, adjusting her
head hundlershief as she did so.

"You now too much fir me," she remarked,
as she went toward the door. "More a long ways
too much. If you kin git off de grount an
sull in de elements, de dog sin't gaine ter do
nothin." Mayle god kin do day, I down. Bo
er you er settin dar." Then she went out.

Earlie Shade set his supper and then all ischer
the fire, smoking his pipe. After a while he got
a piece of remile out of an old orgar loat, lift it,
and proceeded to ransark a smooth cheest which
seemed to be fifted with all serrs of ordina and
conds-ginilets, hinges, harn bottons, tangied
twinter that had been rolled in eximifical shape.
Around if had been wrapped a long with of
sloth. He unrolled the parkage, took the letter
out and boused at it, rolled it up again, and then
placed one hand on her knee. "El he don't
is don'" "Til fell you," he said. He kneed over and
placed one hand on her knee. "El he don't
is the min of the ground that, beflat ann't do no good. I'm gwine ter jump of
the simile, lying across the foot of the bed,
"Sho muff," his wife 15xed in a low valce.
"Sho muff," his massered in a voice as low.
The woman signed as she tose from her chair
sole began to sing a typun, and by that time
lined Sinde, lying across the foot of the bed,
was fast asleep.

The scene in which the colonel, riding
the ciouds," and calls Rudyard Kiphing "sometimes as grand as a forest of
orchids (1) and sometimes as trivial as
the monkeys and paroudes who jabler
the monkeys and paroudes and paroudes and paroudes and paroudes who jabler
in the branches of the jungle,," has some
in the monkeys and paroudes and paroudes and paroudes who jabler
in the branches of the jungle, "has some
in the monkeys and paroudes and paroudes as paroud the loose construction of Mrs. Sherwood's sentences leaves
one in doubt now and then as to her extall the boose construction of Mrs. Sherwood's senten writer a good critic, either of literature or of the world in general. This tuft-hunting artitude is found all through the book. As Mr. Lincoln once said, however, "if people like that sort of thing, that is just the sort of thing that will like." Those who are looking for will like." Those who are looking for

Ward McAllister opinions will enjoy this oook. (New York: Herbert S. Stone & Co. Washington: All booksellers. \$2.50.)

A Golf Story Book. The book of golf fiction has come upon us, and it is nearly time for the golf drama. But we will tee that ball when we get to it. "The Golfielde, and Other Tales of the Fair Green" is by W. G. Van T. Sutphen, and its clothing is about as simple as anything labelled golf that was ever seen, being a deep, green binding, with a brilliant red back, and pale green lettering. There are six stories in the book, which is a small one, and they are all full of golfish phrase-ology, and all deal with the peripatetic obsession common to the votaries of that solemn sport. Without prejudice, it may be stated that to an outsider the goffac's behavior is more like raving insanity, and his speech more like that of a gibbering idiot than of any other creature, except a confirmed base-ball fiend. One hesitates to say that in extracting enough himan interest out of the amusement sacred to St. Andrew and the Scottish nation to make a vol-

and the Scottish halien to make a vol-ume of fiction, even as large as a golf-ball, Mr. Van T. Sutphen has not dis-played absolute genius.

The saving grace of these yarns is the evidence given by the spinner that he sees something funny in golf mania. The experiences of one Robinson Brown are told with a sardonic gravity which in-spires one with the belief, that it is meant spires one with the belief that it is meant to be humorous. The tale in which a gentleman in black, with peculiarly shaped feet, takes a hund in the game, and the ball becomes lost, has a Poe-like and the ball becomes lost, has a Poe-like grimness and mystery. Even if one does not know golf, one can manage to get the sense of the story without translat-ing the dialect. Were this not so it would be hopeless; for the book has no glossary, and if there were one, it would be of no use. The study of golf must be made a religion if one would comprehend its language. But the book is a fine one for people who do understand golf to for people who do understand golf to give one another for Christmas or birthday presents, and that is about all that it is good for. The outside public will wonder and pass by. If Mr. Van T. Sut-phen will expend his undeniable talent much fame, (New York: Harper & Brothers, Wash-

Ington: All booksellers)

A New Edition of "Vanity Pair." Lovers of Thackeray will be delighted with a new edition of "Vanity Fair" which has just appeared, and if they be rich they will immediately get 11d of any other edition which they may possesssave and except that illustrated by du Maurier-and buy this one, and set it up on their shelves to be a delight to their eyes so long as they read anything. The margins of this new edition are beautifully wide, the type beautifully clear, the size of the volume generous without being unwieldy. A fine photgravire of the author forms the frontispiece, and is one of the most attractive pictures ever published of the great novelist. He sits leaning back in a solid English armchair, one hand resting on a book held end-Company. Washington: C. C. Pursell.) wise on his lap, the other hand on his knee; the face is turned straight toward you, and wears an expression of keen yet diguisid scrutiny—the expression of a man who is surveying Vanity Fair with a dispassionate eye and a clear judgment. The illustrations are by Thackeray him-self, and plainly prove that if he had not been so great a novelist he would have been a great caricaturist. They do not add as much to his book as du Maurier's drawings do to his, but they add a great is rather technical. The edition is the work of Harper

"The Vienz." "The Vicar," by Joseph Hatton, is an English novel of rural life, in no way remarkable for anything. It has a plot that is fairly well worked out, and some characters which are drawn with fair dexierity; and it shows a practiced hand in all of its details. There seems to be no especial reason for its name since the Vicar of Comberton-cum-Bes ford, though a pleasant old gentleman is not more prominent in the book than any one of half a dozen other characters. The most original episode in the book is the provision which is made for an unfortunate young girl who comes to flees to London. She finds there an au-thor of reputation who marries her with alacrity. The absence of strong emotion under circumstances calculated to excite grief and despair is one of the curious things to be observed in this book. Several pages are usually taken up, after some moral catastrophe, with the small-talk employed by the sufferers to conceal their real distress, and it does conceal it so successfully that the reader somehow gets the impression that they do not feel much distressed after all. The general effect of the book is like that of one of those society plays in which the hero goes through all sorts of emotional crises in a dress sult and a silk hat without disturbing the appearance of either and the heroine endures extremities of terror and grief n a tailor-made gown. have seen such plays, and most people do not care much for them; nor will they care much for this book. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lieplncott Comany, Washington; All booksellers.)

Gertrade Atherton's New Book "American Wives and English Husands," by Gertude Atherton, is one of the books for which it is perfectly safe to predict a considerable and extended gost women are more or less interested, and it is treated in a lively, pleasing and nteresting way. The heroine is a Southrn girl, and the hero an English noblenan, and the story deals with the en gagement made between these two young scople in their childhood, the return o the lover years afterward to claim its fulfillment, and the early married life of he couple. The interest of the reader is held from beginning to end by the plot and the way in which it is developed. The characters are drawn with an assured and skillful touch, and although some of them are of too exaggerated a type to them are of too exaggerated a type to be exactly true to life, they are all real. Lee Tarleton, the heroine, is a plquant and attractive young woman, with a mind of her own and a taking way of expressing it. Early in the unfolding of the plot she sums up the situation by saying succinctly to Cecil Maundreil, the young Englishman who has come to remind her her of her promise: "If I married Randolph he would spend his life buttoning my boots. If I married you, I should spend my life pulling off yours."

That is the key of the whole story. The author's aim appears to be to bring out the contrast between the American husband, who, according to her idea.

out the contrast between the American husband, who, according to her idea, lives for his wife, and the English hus-band, who, as she implies, expects his wife to live with him. Tagre are some notions in the book to which American readers will be likely to take exception, and that rather warmly, as, for instance, the statement of Cecil that American deference to women is merely a phase of deference to women is merely a phase of a new civilization, and that in a more settled state of affairs the American man will inevitably become not only the head but the center of the household, round whom his wife must revolve in meck adoration. Another thing which will grate on American cars is the note of admiration for English institutions and disparagement for those of America which is to be heard here and there in the book. There is an implication that the American man is a mere machine for money making, and possesses no rea culture or stability of character. The American woman, with the excep-

tion of one or two Southern dames, lso shown in a somewhat unenviab light, and Chleage comes in for reproduced on the score of raw, grude semi-barbar ism. On the other hand, the coldness and apparent incivility of the English

scene in which the young American bridg arrives with her husband at his ancestral home without a greeting from a single member of his family, or any demonstra-tion to prove their kindly feeling for her, will excite the indignation of most American lassles who read the book. The denouement, however, seems to prove that human nature is, after all, cronger than ancestral custom, and there seems to be a prospect in the closing chapter that the bright and spirited young American will not be required to efface herself quite so completely in the interests of her husband as seemed to ington: All booksellers.)

"The Twentieth Century City."

"The Twentieth Century City," by Jolah Strong, is an attempt to sum up the vil characteristics of our civilization and liscover remedies, Mr. Strong traces nost of the tribulations from which this country now suffers to the growth of the cities, and asserts that this growth must continue in the future, till the cities ab- He is sorb practically the whole of our popu-Intfort

This, as he thinks, is made necessary by the fact that manufacture has practically no limits to its development, while with every improved scientific method of agriculture the farming population must grow less. He declares that while the products of the manufacturer may be multiplied to supply an ever-increasing demand, the farmer's market must con-tinually grow smaller, because his busi-ness is to supply food, and the appetite of mankind does not increase with civili-zation. From these promises he deserration. From these premises he draws the conclusion that the country must be dominated by the cities, and that, there-fore, it is of the utmost importance that the cities be rightly governed. Here he finds occasion to make some severe re-flections on Tammany. But when he proposes, as a remedy for vice in the cities, the distribution of leafets by Christian youths and maidens on bley-cles, one is inclined to think that he is 'making war with milk and the water of oses." weapons not precisely suited to a ombat with Tammany Hall. And when, urthermore, he asserts that he knows of capitalists whose employes come to them and ask that their wages may be reduced in order to raise the profits of the manage-ment to a given point, the reader lays down the book and wonders if this reformer is a disciple of Ananias. It is hardly neith such workmen and such employers the employers, by the way, paint the Golden Rule in large gilt letters on the walls of their offices-strikes and lockouts are unknown. But the anecdote would be more to the point had he told where these apocryphal people are to be

Undoubtedly, this country would be regenerated if everybody in it were anxious to do Just right, but it is still uncertain how this happy result is to be accomplished. It is extremely doubtful whether leaflets of good literature will

A Musical Trentise.

"Music; How It Came to Be What It Is," is a small book by Hannah Smith, treating of the history of all the different kinds of music known to civilization. To any one who is interested in the development of various instruments and forms of musical composition, the book will be an interesting one, although the language (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Washington: All booksellers. \$1.25.)

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Crockett's "Sir Toady Lion" is said to be a particularly delightful book for внук.

A new Australian novel shortly to be published is by Mr. John Mackle, author of "They That Sit in Darkness." The title of the new story is "The Hoel of the Woman," and it is bused on an adventure which happened to Mr. Mackle himself, although it is said to be rather a strain on the readers, excelulity. on the reader's credulity to believe that it really happened to anybody.

Current Literature for May contains a ticle about Frank L. Stanton which will nterest all newspaper people. M on is one of the brightest, if brightest, of the newspaper poets of to-"The Rise of an Empire," by Walter

Besant, is the first of a series of small books to be published on the subject of the rise of British wealth and They are to be published by Mr. F. ield, of New York, and will cost half a Something new in the line of birthday

books is 'The Pinero Birthday Book,' which contains quotations for every day in the year, from the plays of Arthur Pinero. It is published by R. H. Russell

"Phil. May's Shetch-Book," and "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes" are two delightful picture books for grown folks. One costs \$1.75 and the other \$1.

The complete novel in the May number of Lippincott's is "The Uscalled," by Paul Laurence Dunbar. It deals with the for-tunes of a youth in a small Ohio town, who is adopted into a family of very strict religious views. As he grows up he is by various influences forced into the ministry, and as his ancestors are any-thing but ministerial, his subsequent history is peculiar. The story is, in short, a study of the struggle between heredity and environment in the development of man's nature, and its interest lies more in this psychological element than in the plot, which is rather slight. The book is Mr. Dunbar's first novel, although he has published short stories from time to time it will be published in September in book

James M. Graham, author of the histori James M. Graham, Bulnor of the historical novel, "The Son of the Czar," which has reached its second edition, is the son of a cotton merchant of Liverpool, and was educated in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. He commands the language of all these countries, together with Hebrew and Arabic. He lives in Chester, and is an ardent oarsman.

Stephen Crane is in England at pres-nt. He is at work on a new novel, which will be published in the Autumn.

A new book, with the old title, "Javan Ben Seir," which will be published late in May, is by Walker Kennedy, editor of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal,

Anthony Hope's "Phroso" is about to

"Wolfville," by Alfred Henry Lewis, has found its way to Canada, and will be published there in paper covers.

Avenging Justice.

There were castles in Spain long ago, There was gold in her mines of the And her ships down the deep felt the Of a sun that for her black not rest

Buf her power and glory is past!
She was always a treacherous Spain;
And the crown of her orimes is her last,
In the touch of the mine neath the Maine, Not for glory, but justice, God-planned! Should we draw on the weaker the blan And for this, throbs the heart of our la In the dark word of War long delayed.

Can Law bang its one felon dead, And a nation its flag to the mast, he covardly called if it shed Blood for blood for its brave down the blast?

of our land is for love, not for hate! For this ride the sea all our ships! lat we cannot forget that a State Rests at last on the cannot's red libs. James Riley, in the Boston CURRENT VERSE.

Battle Hymn of the Republic. the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, out the vintage where the grapes

swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
Charas Glory! Glory! Hallefugh!
Glory! Glory! Hallefugh!
Glory! Glory! Hallefugh!
His truth is marching on.

fface herself quite so completely in the increases of her husband as seemed to dreling camps;
en eccessary for his comfort in the earlier part of the story.

(New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: All booksellers.)

"The Twentieth Century City."

I have seen him in the watchfre of a bundred circling camps;
Lean read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is unarching on.
Chorus—Glory! Glory! Hallehdah! etc.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As you deal with my contempora, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the surport with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
Chorus—Glory! Glory! Hallelajah! etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat!

He is stiling out the hearts of men before his judgment set.

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.
Chorus—Glory! Glory! Hallebujah! etc.

In the beauty of the Illies Christ was borne across With a grory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.

As he died to make men holy, let us die to

As he died in his free, make make min free, while God is marching on. Chorus-Glory! Glory! Hallchijah! etc. —Julia Ward Howe.

The Way of a Maid. She was a maid of notions strange Concerning man, Her funcies took a goodly range, As woman's can,

She said she loved an eye of gray— My own are blue. I would I could in any way Have changed their hus.

The sort of bair that pleased her best Was brown, she said. Which caused me oft supreme unrest— My own is red!

Her taste in "nose" was squiline; Oh, cruel ruh! In vulgar parlance one like mine is termed a soub!

She liked a stately man and tall— Alan! my fate Has blessed me with a stature small, Not five feet eight.

She doted on a figure alim; Without a doubt; I could not satisfy that whim— For I am stout.

And, knowing this, how could I dare (A hoor like me) To ask that maid her life to share— My wife to be?

And yet I did! egregious ass, I must confers;
I popped the question—and, alas!
She answered, "Yes."

-Sydney Bulletin.

The Old Navy.

The old Navy.

The captain stood on the carronade; "First Elenterant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons-because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds hobs, hammer and tongs, long as Five been to sea,
I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every olds-and I've gained the victory!

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take she
"Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will cap-

nother's son.

And odds bobs, hammer and forgs, long as
I've been to sea.

I've been to sea.

I've feaght 'gainst every odds-and I've gained
the victory!''

We fought for twenty minutes, when the French-man had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff;" Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low

Our captain sent for all of us: "My merry men,"

I'll fight 'gainst every odds-and I'll gain the

Modercen.

Och Modereen Rue, you little sed rover, By the glint of the moon you stole out of you And now there is never an egg to be got. Nor a handsome fat chicken to put in th Och, Moderen Rue!

With your nose to the earth and your ear on the You slunk through the stubble with frost-drops a-Went,
That your red reguish children should breakfast content.
Och, Modercen Ruet

Och, Modercen Rue, hear the horn for a warning. They are looking for red regulsh foacs this morning. But let them come my way, you little red regue, 'Tis I will betray you to huitsman and dog.' Och, Modercen Rue!

The little red rogue, he's the color of bracken.
O'er mountains, o'er valleys, his pure will a slacken.
Tantara! tantara! he is off, and, my faith, 'Tis a race 'twist the little red regue and his death. Och, Modercen Rue!

Och, Modereen Rue, I've no cause to be grieving
For little red regues with their tricks and their
thicking.
The hounds they give tengue; and the quarry's in

Och, Modereen Rue!

And he saved his red brush for his own future wearing.

He slipped into a drain, and he left the hounds awarring.

Good luck, my fine fellow, and long may you go straighter than round shot, are much

Such a clean pair of beels to the hounds as they Och, Modereen Rue! -St. James' Gazette.

The Passing of the Salisbury Legend.

Gentlemen, tell me, what is all this hubbub, impotent ravings indicating unger; somebody's getting very roughly handled; What are these portents? "Salishary speechless; Chamberlain dejected; Ralfour unhinged and Devoishine sardonie; Articles filled with inhabity language Issuant broadcast.

"Mutiny rampant in the Tory strongholds; Government friendless; alubland in rebellion; Even supporters in the dail papers Unsympathetic;

"Globe in pink fury, insolently futile: Daily Mail staggered, bent upon dissemblin Standard in tears, and truculent St. James' Breathing out slaughters,

"Whence, too, this rumbling, ominous and fearful, Coming in peals of journalistic thunder, Threatening certain apathetic votees Times out of number!" Stranger, we'll tell thee. These and other por

tents

Make to this country periodic visits,
Signify waning of a reputation,
Indicate failure. These are the voice of popular opinion.

Speaking in tones that cabinets attend to.

Bidding our rulers set their house th order—

Giving them notice!\*

—Pall Mall Gazette.

ed Abigail, after her mother, and called "Nabby" by the family. She married Col. W. S. Smith.

Did President John Adams have a daughter named Mary? If so, whem did she marry? F. H. A. PresidentAdams had one daughter nam-

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Were North and Daniel Webster relatives? SUBSCRIBER. No: North was a Connecticut man, and

What is the legal weight of a bushel of pota-

There is no legal weight. There is a

minimum weight below which a bushel must not fall. It is sixty pounds,

Daniel a New Hampshire man.

Why was Lamar called the Chevalier Bayard of Tevas? Has the capital of Missouri been changed from Jefferson City to Scialia? J. A. L. Mirabeau Buomaparte Lamar was called so because of his bravery and uprightness of character, because, like Bayard, he was "without fear and without reproach." The capital of Missouri leastly Lefferson City. is still Jefferson City.

Please give an estimate of the cost of a trip from Chicago to the Paris Expenition and return during 1900? TRAVELER. You will be able to go from Chicago to Paris and back, first class, for about \$250 and \$300. The cost of the stay in Paris depends on its legth and how you live.

What is the simplest recipe or way of vul-anizing india rubber? 2. Where can it be ob-ained and what would be the cast? 1. M. B. Immerse the rubber in a bath of melted. sulphur for an hour or so at a tempera-ture of 140 degrees Centigrade. I. You can get rubber from the rubber companies; its price varies. You may be able to get small amounts from a drug store.

In case of war with Spain, will vessels of aest-ral nations be allowed to load at our ports and ansport our products? A SUBSCHERE. Yes if they want to do so, but they do so at their own risk. They will be liable to be searched by Spanish vessels, if those can overtake them; and if they have any American goods on board the goods may be taken by the Spaniards, That is part of war.

Who was President of the United States from 787 to 1788? Did we have any Executive afficer? J. C. H. We had no President of the United States in those days. Arthur St. Clair was president of Congress from February Griffin succeeded him. Finally under his presidency the Continental Congress died, and no one could say when it had died.

If war should break out, could Spain confiscate valuable mail matter, carried to or from the United States on American vessels? M. A. M. Certainly. All American vessels will be liable to capture, whatever their carrier. If war does occur, you will notice that an early result will be that English vessels will do even more of our carrying trade than now. In fact, on April 9, one American steamship company withdrew all its own vessels and hired English ships. English vessels will be liable to search, but probably not to capture, while all of ours are liable to be taken.

What was the day and hour of the launching of A. W. M. On November 15, 1899, at 12:44 p. m.

How many States grant the franchise to women in any way? Has any State that has given the franchise to women once ever taken it from them again?

In Colorado, Utah and Wyoming women vote just as the men do. In Kansas they vote on municipal matters, and in Artsona. Takingare, Maho, Illinots, In-Tis a thorsand bullets to one that she will capture we;
It saven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each
If she's not mise in half an hour l'il flog each
mather's son.

Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebrasmather's son.

Ball take as a capture of the contained of the contained

What indemnity was paid by France to Ger-nany after the Franco-Prussian war! How long serve the whole was Inquished! REDERLY. The amount demanded by Germany was bow made to be:

"I haven't the gift of the gab, mossleur, but polife I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as

I've been to sen,
I've been to sen,
I've been to sen,
I've fought "gainst every odds—and I've gained
the victory:"

The amount demanded by Germany was
a 000,000,000. frames, equal to \$1,000,000,000,
Of this vast sum one-fifth was to be paid
as soon as the French government had
recovered control of the country, which
was then in the hands of the Commune,
Another fifth was to be paid during ISI; Another fifth was to be paid during IST; 500,000,000 francs were to be paid on May 1, 1872, and the remaining half on or be-"Haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I
thankful he;
You've done your dufy handsomely, each man
stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd
have flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as
When, where, and by whom was Bisma

When, where, and by whom was Bismarck first made characeller of Germany? M. J. Bismarck had been characeller of the North German Confederation from 1866, and was still characeller when the German Empire was formed in 1871. He was naturally made chanceller of the empire which he had created. pire which he had created.

Of what did the United States bank that Jackson fought consist? 2. What difference is there between the national bank of today and the bank that Jackson fought? The Bank of the United States char-tered in 1517 for twon; y years, was to have a capital of \$35,000,000, of which onegisten.
With my lovely fat drake in your teeth as you with my lovely fat drake in your teeth as you went.
That your red reguish children should breakfast content.

A Modern Rust was to issue notes and pay interest on the Government deposits. It was allowed to have branches; and at the height of its glory had twenty-five branches The present national banks have no Gov-ernment directors, do not have custody of the revenues, and except for being supervised by the Government have no relationship with the Government such as the old banks had. They are private

I read that the "comming tower" of the battle-ship Indiana, where her commander will be dur-ing a battle, in surrounded by armor 11 inches thick, and that he may be considered to be in a safe place. Yet I also read that, at gun tests, projectiles plerce much greater thickness of places than this. How can both statements be cor-rect? STUDIOUS.

banks; it was partly a Government bank.

But my blessing be on him. He made the hounds follow
Through the woods, through the dales, over hill, over hollow.

It was Modercen the led them fast, led them far From the glint of the morning till eve's silver

| Charles | C Now, the Indiana's country tower is round, and it would be a remarkably lucky shot that hit it square. Another point of great import is that nearly if not more easily deflected by a glancing blow.

> What was the Virginius affair? S. J. K. By the Virginus affair is meant the capture of the vessel named the Vir-ginius by the Spaniards in 1872 and the ginius by the Spaniards in 1872 and the execution of the crew. The facts in the case are as follows: The Virginius left the United States flying the American flag with a number of persons, some Ameicans, some of other nationalities, who intended to help the Cubans then, as now, fighting the Spaniards. It was captured on October 31, 1873, by the Spanish gunboat Tormado, which took her to Cuba; there the captives were tried by courtmartial, convicted and several of them were shot to death. Among the victims were six Englishmen and about thirty Americans. When the news got out there was great excitement and the United States almost went to war with Spain. Wis great excitement and the spain. States almost went to war with Spain. We would have done so had not Spain backed down so far as to agree to apologize it she should prove to have been in the wrong. She was to return the Virsize it she should prove to have been in the wrong. She was to return the Vir-ginius, salute the American flag and pay an indemnity to the families of the people executed. But when the United States came to examine things they found that the Virginius had had no right to fly the American flag and that technically she was a pirate, just as Spain had claimed she was. So Spain returned the vessel, but paid no indemnity and made neither salute nor apology.